

# SAM SLADE: ROBOHUNTED!

PROG 442  
2 NOV 85

24p  
EARTH  
MONEY

IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY

SHOOT  
HEEM  
OP:

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**

YUP!

YUP!

YUP!

YUP!



Blat!

Blat!

Blat!

Blat!

Blat!

Blat!

Blat!

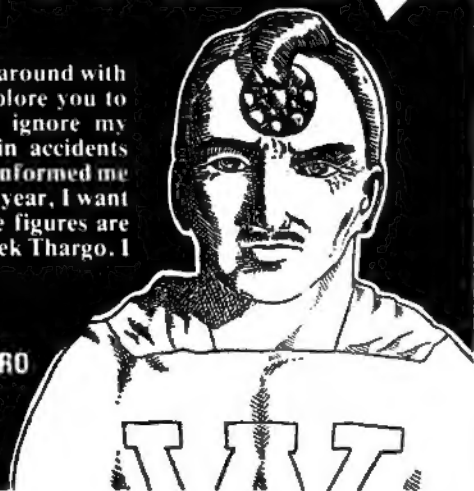


# NERVE CENTRE

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Once again the grexnix season is upon us, when empty-headed Terrans begin to fool around with the dangerous explosives you call "fireworks". Every year I, Tharg the Mighty, implore you to handle these terrifying toys with care, but every year a small minority of you ignore my warnings – with tragic results. Last year, for example, 778 Terrans were injured in accidents involving fireworks – and the robots from the Department of Trade and Industry have informed me that no less than 14 of those grexnixes were regular readers of 2000 AD! Enough! This year, I want you all to read and digest the feature on firework safety in this prog...and when the figures are computed for November 1985, I don't want a single Terran on that list to be a Squaxx dek Thargo. I have spoken!

SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!



# THARG

**THARG THE RUGGED,  
HANDSOME SUPERHERO**

Drawn by talented Earthlet  
D. J. Robinson, Wirral.  
£10 Winner.

**SAM C  
SLAINE**



Drawn by Earthlet Jon Craig Mortimer,  
Portsmouth. £10 Winner.

## BETELGEUSE : THE FACTS

Dear Tharg,

As Betelgeuse is a star of the first magnitude, and in fact a red-giant with a variable magnitude, it is obviously – according to the knowledge of Earthlets, anyway – not inhabitable. So, is your home planet of Betelgeuse different to the one found in Orion; or is it a planet in close proximity to the star; or could it be that human astronomy is hopelessly inadequate?

From curious Earthlet D. W. Dougherty, Gwynedd. £5 Winner.

My home planet, Quaxxann, is indeed in close proximity to the star. However, it is not the conditions on Betelgeuse that put me off living there, but the exorbitant rates.

## BETELGEUSE : THE FICTION

Dear Tharg,

Check out the constellation of Orion the Hunter. Look south-east in the late evening. Notice he has a raised right arm. Also notice that Betelgeuse is at the base of that arm. Does this mean that you come from the armpit of the cosmos, and that your sub-space communicator is really a Stick-Up?

From very curious Earthlet Michael Booth, Nassau, Bahamas. £5 Winner.

Yes. (Note to the Squaxx dek Thargo: actually, this isn't even remotely true, but I don't want to further unhinge this Earthlet's unbalanced mind).

## KEEP THIS COMIC CLEAN!

Dear Mr Tharg,

I think my 22-year-old son, currently serving in the Royal Navy, deserves your K.T.T. award. Whilst he was on the ship The Invincible, he had 2000 AD sent to him in almost every part of the world – it even went to Bombay! Now he serves on the Ark Royal, and he still receives his comic, and he has also converted his fellow men in the mess. Wherever he is in the world, the comic is always with him (though not until I have read it first). A truly deserving cause, you must admit.

From Earthlette R. B., Pontefract. £5 Winner.

It is thrilling indeed to learn of such devotion. Tell your son, however, that he will not receive a K.T.T. until he cleans up that mess.

## AT LAST...A BRIBE!

Dear Mighty Tharg,

I would gladly give a freckle off my right arm if only you would tell me that *Ace Garp* miraculously managed to warp out of his "nightlight flight" at the last second, and will once again truck his luck in the galaxy's greatest comic.

From Earthlette Joy Wheeler, Kingston, Worcs. £5 Winner.

It's a deal – you get the data when I get the dot.

## VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories  
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and  
enclose it with your entry.

1. ....

2. ....

3. ....

I Dislike: .....

My Age is..... **442**

MY TWO IDIOT ROBOTS HAD DONE A BUNK WITH MY 27 BILLION CREDITS! I'D FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THEM— ONLY TO FIND MYSELF FACING A HIT SQUAD OF HOAGY'S DOUBLES!

TOO BAD EET HAVE TO END THEES WAY, SENOR. ADIOS!

BE SEEN' YOU, SAM. YUP!

GET HIM! YUP!

YUP!

YUP!

YUP!

YUP!

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
GRANT/GROVER  
ART ROBOT  
IAN GIBSON  
LETTERING ROBOT  
STARKINGS  
COMPU-73e



AGAINST A HUNDRED ORDINARY HIT-DROIDS I WOULDN'T HAVE STOOD A CHANCE. BUT AGAINST A HUNDRED HOAGIES I RECKONED I WAS ODDS-ON!





SMART  
THINKIN'  
SAM. YUP!

LUCKY SAM WAS HERE  
TO SORT THINGS OUT -  
OR WE MIGHT NEVER  
HAVE GOT HIM!

YUP!



NOW, BEFORE YOU  
OPEN FIRE, YOU BETTER  
CHECK YOUR GUNS  
ARE WORKIN'  
PROPERLY! TAKE  
A GOOD LOOK  
DOWN THE  
BARREL!

IT WAS AN AUDACIOUS  
PLAN, BUT I FIGURED  
THE HOAGIES WERE  
SO STUPID, IT MIGHT  
JUST WORK -



NOW CHECK  
YOUR TRIGGERS  
ARE OKAY. JUST  
SQUEEZE 'EM  
GENTLY -



I DIDN'T WAIT AROUND TO  
SEE IF THERE WERE ANY  
SURVIVORS. I WENT  
THROUGH THE DOORS  
LIKE A BULL OUT OF A  
GATE -



- AND FOUND MYSELF BACK IN THE GAMING ROOM  
OF THE SIN CITY CASINO WHERE EVERYTHING  
HAD STARTED TO GO TERRIBLY WRONG!



HOLY JOE  
SMITH! I'VE  
BEEN HERE  
ALL THE  
TIME!

I LOCATED  
THE BOSS  
IN DOUBLE-  
QUICK TIME -

NO  
VIOLENCE,  
SIR -  
PLEASE!



TALK - AN' THERE  
WON'T BE! THOSE  
TWO ROBOTS, THE  
CIGAR AN' THE SIMP  
... WHERE ARE  
THEY?

TH- THEY LEFT ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AGO, SIR. THEY WERE GOING BACK TO THEIR **YACHT**, I BELIEVE.

WHAT ABOUT THE MONEY? HOW MUCH DID THEY LOSE?

OH, SOMEWHERE IN THE REGION OF **24 BILLION CREDITS**, SIR!

HOLY JOE! THAT'S NEARLY **EVERYTHIN'**!

THEY BEEN USIN' YOUR CASINO - YOU GOTTA BE IN ON THIS!

IN ON WHAT, SIR?

DON'T PLAY DUMB! IN ON WHAT THEY DID TO ME!

I-I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT, SIR. THEY MERELY RENTED THE UPPER FLOORS FROM US. WHAT THEY USED THEM FOR IS THEIR OWN BUSINESS!

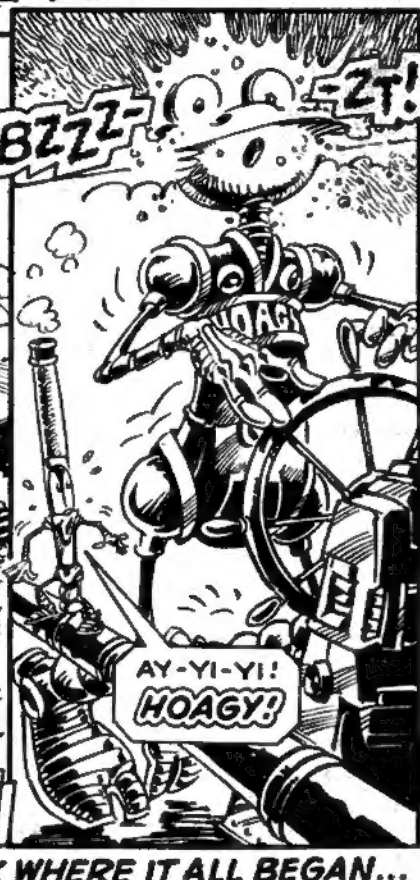
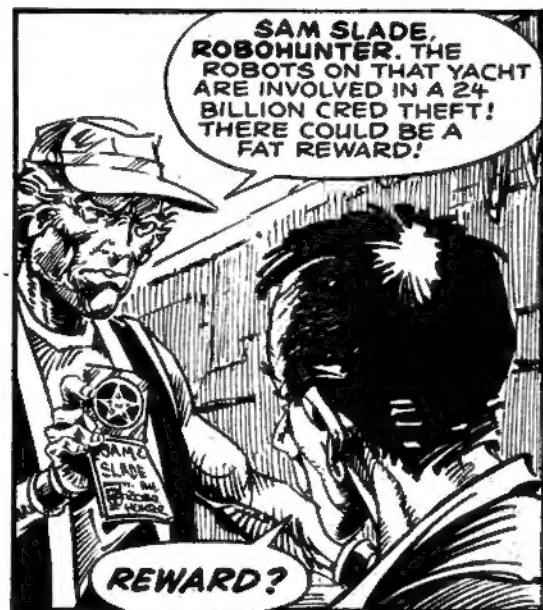


IF YOU'RE LYIN', PAL - I'LL BE BACK!



I GOT TO THE HARBOUR JUST IN TIME TO SEE MY YACHT DISAPPEARIN' OUTWARD BOUND -

COME BACK HERE!



BACK WHERE IT ALL BEGAN...



# **FOLLOW ROGUE'S FIREWORK CODE...**

And Stay Off The Casualty List.



**KEEP FIREWORKS  
IN A CLOSED BOX.**



**TAKE THEM OUT  
ONE AT A TIME.**



**READ INSTRUCTIONS  
BY TORCHLIGHT.**



**LIGHT END OF FUSE  
AT ARM'S LENGTH.**



**STAND WELL BACK.**



**NEVER RETURN TO  
A FIREWORK ONCE LIT.**



**NEVER THROW  
FIREWORKS.**



**NEVER PUT FIREWORKS  
IN YOUR POCKET.**



**KEEP PETS INDOORS.**

**ABOVE ALL, NEVER FOOL WITH FIREWORKS. AND NEVER—NEVER—ATTEMPT TO MAKE YOUR OWN: LAST YEAR ONE PERSON DIED AND TWENTY-ONE WERE INJURED AS A RESULT OF THIS DANGEROUS AND ILLEGAL PRACTICE**



Somewhere, on the other side of your imagination....

... is a world of dragons to slay, treasures to steal, wizardry to master, lands to conquer, armies to lead, evils that must be thwarted, and much, much more than you can imagine....

... is a world where you can be a mighty hero....

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## FIGHTING THE EVIL OF



**DUKE AND  
HIS ACTION  
FORCE TEAM**  
EVERY WEEK  
IN

**BATTLE  
ACTION FORCE**

ON SALE NOW - 24p

# TERMINATOR

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
FAT MILLS  
ART ROBOT  
BRYAN TALBOT  
LETTERING ROBOT  
STEVE POTTER  
COMPU-73E

THOTH REVEALS  
THAT HE INTENDS  
TO PUNISH  
TORQUEMADA BY  
DESTROYING  
TERMIGHT. MEAN-  
WHILE, HIS PET—  
SATANUS—HAS  
MADE A START.  
THE TERMINATORS  
HIT BACK WITH A  
BARRAGE OF LASERS  
AND LAVA CANNONS...

SATANUS LOOKED  
DOWN AT THE  
BLOOD POURING  
FROM HIS WOUNDS.  
IT TOOK A FEW  
SECONDS FOR HIS  
TINY BRAIN TO  
REALISE IT WAS  
HIS OWN.

IT MADE HIM...

ANGRY!

MEANWHILE...

I INTEND TO MAKE  
THE BLACK HOLE AND WHITE  
HOLE ON EITHER SIDE OF  
TERMIGHT COLLIDE...

...OBLITERATING  
THIS PLANET!

"THE EXPLOSION WILL CREATE  
AN ENERGY FLASH SO  
POWERFUL, ENTIRE SOLAR  
SYSTEMS WILL BE DESTROYED!"

"PLANET'S, LIGHT YEARS  
AWAY, WILL BE STERILISED  
BY THE RADIATION!"



ALL THE  
PEOPLES OF THE  
GALAXY WILL BE  
WIPED OUT!

YES... THAT'S THE  
WAY I'M GOING TO HURT YOU,  
DADDY: BY MAKING EVERY-  
THING YOU'VE WORKED FOR  
SEEM SO UTTERLY  
POINTLESS!

NO, SON!

LISTEN TO THESE  
VILE DEMONS!  
BEHAVING LIKE  
FATHER AND SON:  
MOCKING THE  
WHOLE SOME  
VALUES OF  
FAMILY  
LIFE!

DESTROY  
THE DEVIL  
BEAST!

THE DESTABILISATION  
PROCESS HAS ALREADY BEGUN!  
THINK ABOUT IT...

...IN THE  
REMAINING  
SECONDS...

...BEFORE I  
KILL YOU!



THEN THOTH HEARD SATANUS ROARING IN PAIN...

THING!

IT DISTRACTED HIM FROM FINISHING OFF NEMESIS AND TORQUEMADA.



HE HAD TO SAVE HIS PET.

BY ENLARGING IT, THOTH HAD ALSO MADE IT MORE VULNERABLE.

HOLD ON, THING!

HE SHOULD HAVE CREATED A PROTECTIVE FORCE FIELD. HE'D BEEN SO BUSY PLANNING EARTH'S DESTRUCTION, HE HADN'T THOUGHT.

FIRST HE MUST GET SATANUS UNDER COVER.

THE BEAST WAS ALREADY RETURNING TO NORMAL SIZE... SCREAMING WITH RAGE FROM THE BOILING LAVA THAT COVERED HIM, YELLOW AS HIS DROOL.



BITING HIS WOUNDS.

COME ON, THING!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, WARLOCK? YOUR FOUL OFFSPRING JUST TRIED TO KILL US!

HE'S STILL MY SON, TORQUEMADA! I HAVE TO PROTECT HIM!



I HAVE TO SHOW...





NEMESIS! HE'S GOING INTO THE TIME WASTES!

YOU CAN'T FOLLOW UNTIL YOU'VE STOPPED SETH BLEEDING!

I CAN'T LEAVE MY SON!

EVEN FUGITIVES FROM THE TERMINATORS PREFERRED TO SURRENDER—RATHER THAN HIDE IN THE TIME WASTES.

THE BARRIERS WERE THERE—NOT TO STOP PEOPLE ENTERING... BUT TO KEEP OUT THE WASTES' NAMELESS HORRORS.



WE NEED TEMPORAL SHIELDING TO ENTER!

THE ALIEN-LOVER'S RIGHT, WARLOCK. NOW YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR BRAT IS, YOU CAN COME BACK FOR HIM...

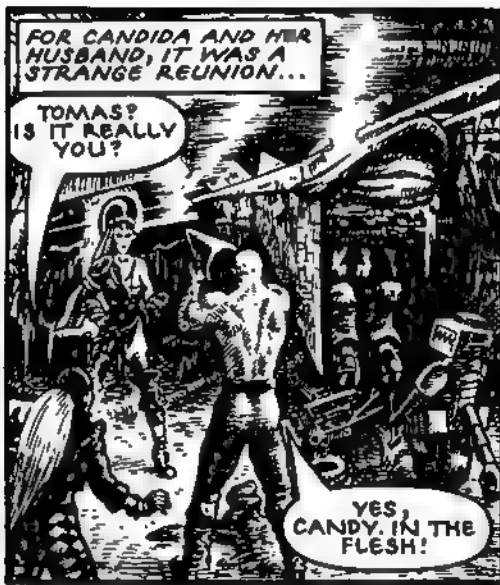
ON YOUR OWN!



RELUCTANTLY, NEMESIS RETURNED TO HIS HIDE-OUT IN NECROPOLIS...

WOTCHA, GUV! THE ABC WARRIORS ARE ON THEIR WAY, LIKE YOU ASKED... INCLUDING THE NEW ONE.

EXCELLENT, RO-JAWS.



FOR CANDIDA AND HER HUSBAND, IT WAS A STRANGE REUNION...

TOMAS?  
IS IT REALLY  
YOU?

YES,  
CANDY. IN THE  
FLESH!



YES, IT'S HOW  
I REMEMBER YOU,  
ALL THOSE YEARS  
AGO...

BUT HOW DO I KNOW  
THIS ISN'T ANOTHER BODY  
YOU'VE TAKEN OVER? HOW  
CAN I BE SURE IT'S YOU?

CHOP HIS HEAD  
OFF AND COUNT  
THE RINGS!



MY CHILDREN WILL  
RECOGNISE THEIR PAPA.  
WHERE ARE GAB AND  
PAN...? THEY MUST BE  
GROWING UP BY  
NOW.

THERE'S  
SOMETHING I  
HAVE TO TELL YOU,  
TOMAS...



NEMESIS  
WAS DRIVING THE  
SCHOOL BUS.

NOW YOU  
KNOW HOW IT  
FEELS TO LOSE  
YOUR LOVED  
ONES.



THEY'RE  
DEAD! KILLED IN  
A MOTORWAY  
ACCIDENT!

HOW DID  
IT HAPPEN?



FOUL, IMPURE DEVIANT!  
YOU DARE COMPARE YOUR MATE  
WITH THE GALACTIC  
MASTER-RACE!

NEXT PROG:

THE SECRET  
OF THE TIME  
WASTES!



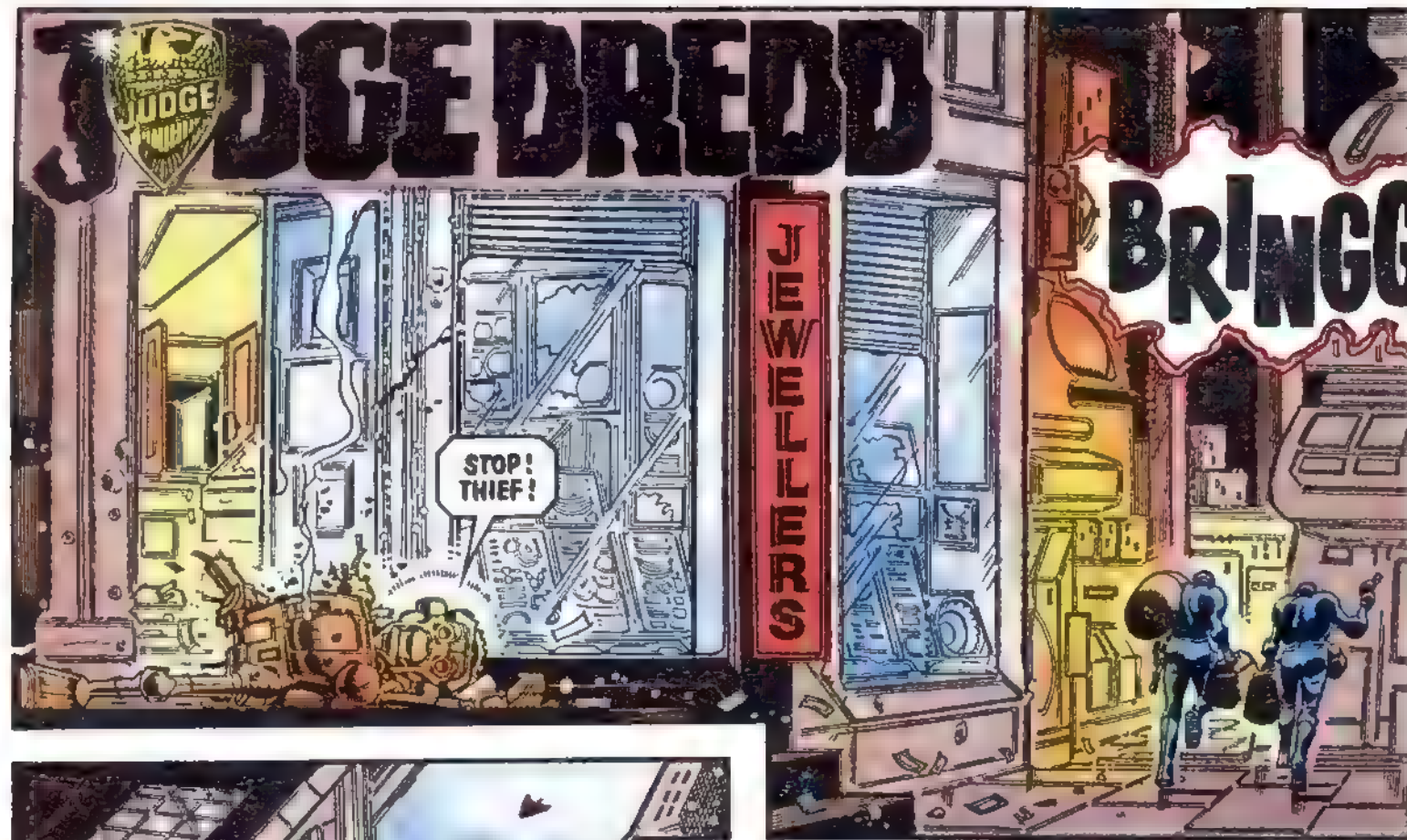
# YOUR ANNUAL TREAT!

Fleetway Annuals are famous at this time of year — they're a 'must' for every boy and girl at Christmas time. There is a title to suit every taste, whatever your age. On sale NOW!

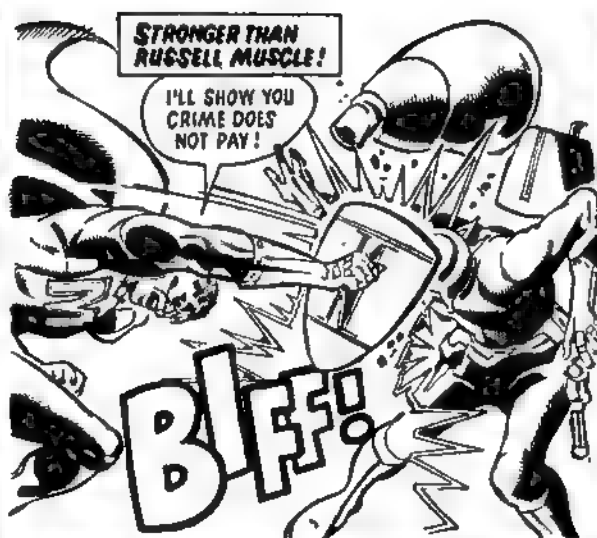


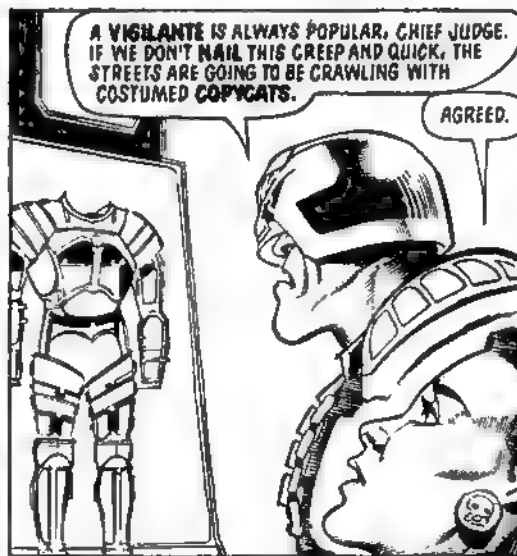
SOME OF THE FLEETWAY ANNUALS 1986 \* SEE YOUR NEWSAGENT NOW!



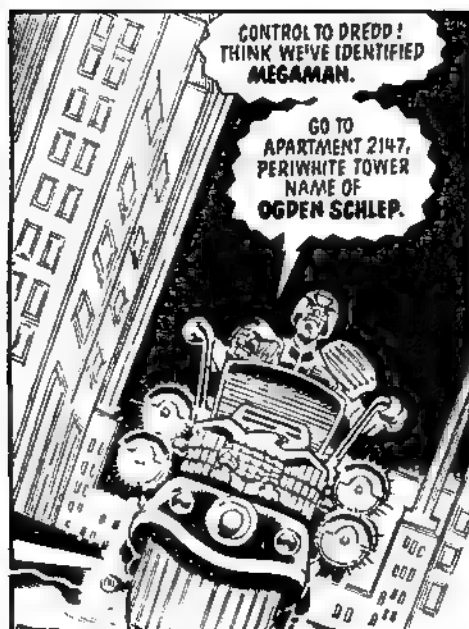












CONTROL TO DREDD!  
THINK WE'VE IDENTIFIED  
MEGAMAN.

GO TO  
APARTMENT 2147,  
PERIWHITE TOWER  
NAME OF  
OGDEN SCHLEP.

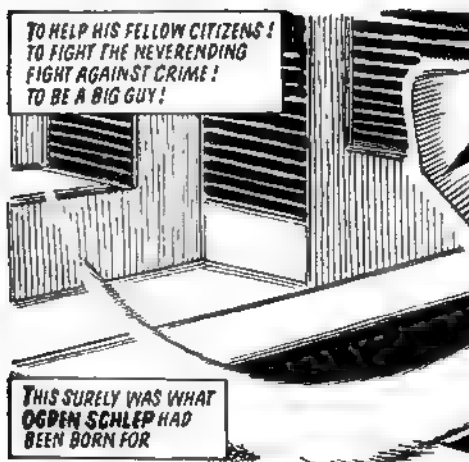


AS DARKNESS FALLS MEGAMAN'S THOUGHTS TURN  
FROM VALIANT DEEDS TO HOME AND DINNER -

ENOUGH SUPERHEROING  
FOR TODAY. BACK TO  
THE MEGABASE.



HE FELT GOOD. IT HAD COST HIM  
PLENTY FOR THE HERO GEAR,  
BUT HE DIDN'T REGRET ONE  
CRED OF IT.



TO HELP HIS FELLOW CITIZENS!  
TO FIGHT THE NEVERENDING  
FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!  
TO BE A BIG GUY!

THIS SURELY WAS WHAT  
OGDEN SCHLEP HAD  
BEEN BORN FOR



BUSY DAY, OGGY?

JUDGE  
DREDD!



DON'T BOTHER  
TO CHANGE.  
I'M TAKING  
YOU IN.

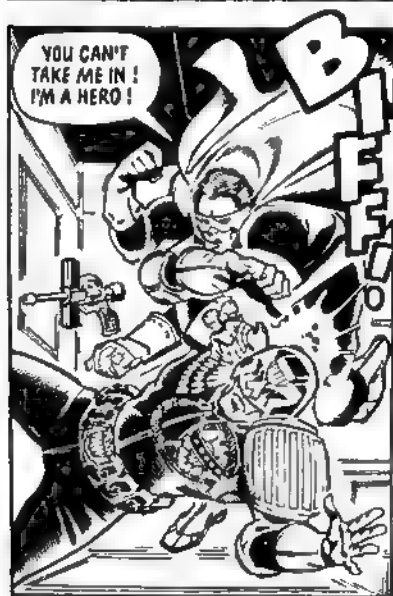
HUH? WHAT  
FOR?

HOW ABOUT  
MURDER AND  
ASSAULT FOR  
STARTERS?



BUT YOU  
CAN'T! I'M  
A GOOD  
GUY! I'M  
HELPING  
YOU!

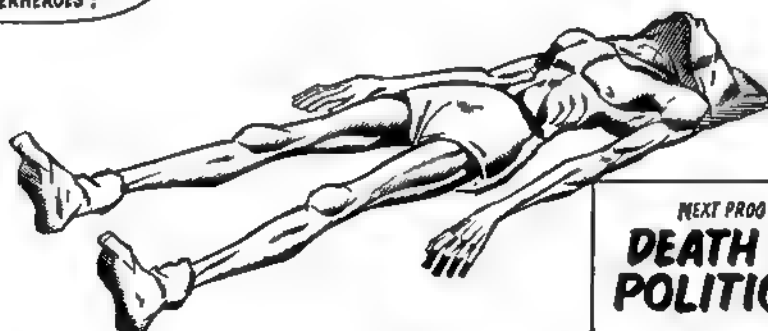
YOU'RE A VIGILANTE,  
OGGY. IN MY BOOK  
THAT MAKES YOU  
A BAD GUY.







WE'LL SHOW THE CITY  
HOW WE DEAL WITH  
SUPERHEROES!



NEXT PROG:  
**DEATH OF A  
POLITICIAN!**



# THARG'S FUTURE-SHOCKS

IT'S THE  
THOUGHT  
THAT  
COUNTS!

THE PLANET LUPZOG,  
SOMEWHERE IN THE  
CORONA BOREALIS...

OXYGEN LEVEL'S  
FINE, AGENT SMILEY.  
SO *NOW* CAN YOU  
TELL ME WHAT  
OUR *MISSION* IS?

SURE. SORRY  
'BOUT THE UNUSUAL  
*SECURITY MEASURES*—  
BUT THIS IS THE BIGGEST  
JOB *WESTOPIAN*  
*INTELLIGENCE* HAS  
HANDLED SINCE THE  
GALACTIC WAR  
BEGAN.

WE'RE GOING TO  
*WIN* THE WAR  
AGAINST *EASTOVIA*...

WE'RE GOING  
TO FIND THE  
*ULTIMATE*  
*WEAPON*!

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT ROBOT  
P. MULLIGAN  
ART ROBOT  
STEVE DILLON  
LETTERING ROBOT  
TONY JAGOE  
COMPU-73e

IT'S IN THAT  
*TIMEPROOF*  
*PLASMA-HIVE*.  
IT'S BEEN THERE  
CENTURIES—  
BUT IT'LL STILL  
BE IN *MINT*  
*CONDITION*...

WHAT  
DOES IT  
LOOK LIKE?  
WHAT DOES  
IT *DO*?

NO ONE KNOWS, TAILOR. THE *SPACE*  
*RECORDS* WE FOUND JUST SAID IT WAS  
STORED HERE BY AN ANCIENT  
*WARRIOR RACE*.

LUCKILY, THE RECORDS ALSO  
GAVE US THE *PLASMA-CODE*  
NEEDED TO OPEN  
THIS HIVE...

THAT'S RIGHT,  
SMILEY. OPEN IT  
UP... AND AS  
SOON AS I GET  
THIS *ULTIMATE*  
*WEAPON* YOU'RE  
A DEAD  
MAN!



EASTVIA KNEW  
YOU'D FOUND THOSE  
SPACE RECORDS...  
BUT WHAT YOU  
DIDN'T KNOW WAS  
THAT WESTOPIAN  
INTELLIGENCE HAD  
BEEN INFILTRATED  
BY A **DOUBLE**  
AGENT...

ME!

THE TIMEPROOF  
PLASMA-HIVE  
OPENS...

INCREDIBLE!  
IT'S AN ENTIRE  
ARSENAL!

SO HOW  
D'WE KNOW  
WHICH ONE'S  
THE  
**ULTIMATE**  
WEAPON?

TRIAL AND ERROR!

**WAMMM!**

A HAND-HELD NUCLEAR  
FIREARM!

YEAH.  
CUTE. BUT  
NOT EXACTLY  
ULTIMATE...

THE AGENTS WORK THEIR  
WAY THROUGH THE CACHE...

HEY, TAILOR,  
LOOK! THIS GUN  
FIRES A KIND OF  
**ELECTRIC**  
**BARBED**  
**WIRE!**

THAT'S  
NOTHING! **THIS**  
LITTLE BABY'S  
AN **ANTI-**  
**MATTER**  
THROWER!

HMMM...  
WHAT DO YOU  
RECKON THIS  
**HELMET**  
DOES? TURN  
ME INTO A  
**WARHEAD** OR  
SOMETHING?



# MEAN TEAM

ARTIFICON  
MAJOR, 2886.  
THE FINAL OF THE  
GALACTIC  
DEATH-BOWL  
CHAMPIONSHIP  
IS STILL  
OFFICIALLY  
UNDER WAY—

I DON'T  
BELIEVE THIS!  
BAD JACK KELLER  
HAS TURNED AWAY  
AND IS LEAVING  
THE FIELD!

IN THE STAND, MEAN TEAM  
OWNER RICHMAN VON—



WHAT THE  
HELL'S GOT  
INTO HIM?

THE FLAG,  
YOU MANIAC!  
GET THAT  
DRAGON  
FLAG!



HEY—  
KELLER'S  
QUITTING!  
WE'RE STILL  
IN THE  
GAME!

MEAN TEAM SENSER  
HENRY MOON—



DON'T KNOW  
WHAT BAD JACK'S  
UP TO — BUT THE  
MEAN TEAM  
HAVEN'T WON  
THIS YET!

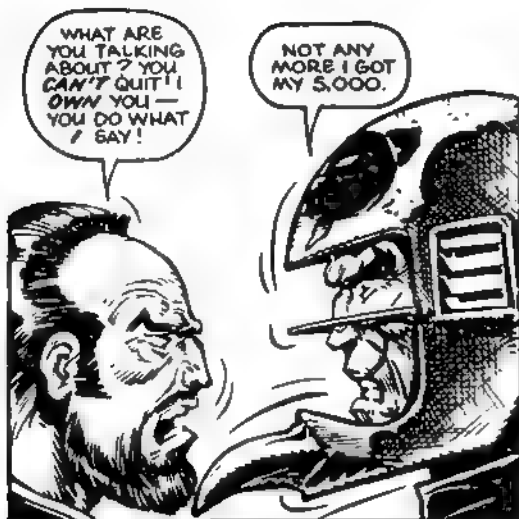


AHH!

2000AD  
Credit Card!  
WRITING: ROBERT  
THE BEAST  
ART: ROBERT  
BELARDINELLI  
LETTERING: ROBERT  
TONY JACOB  
COMPU-73e















HEY! WHERE  
ARE WE GOING?



MILLI-COM!



BUT WHEN  
ARE WE GONNA  
GET THERE?

**I'LL TELL YOU NEXT WEEK!**



BETELGEUSIAN MINISTRY OF HEALTH  
URGENT WARNING DANGER —  
DEADLY NEW SPECIES OF THRILL-SUCKER  
PLAGUING UNIVERSE  
DON'T LEAVE  
HOME WITHOUT

**2000 AD**  
READING JUSTICE

## RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver\* 1 thrill-  
powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Signature of Parent/Guardian\*

\*delete as applicable





DREDD  
and  
ANDERSON

A  
THRILL  
OF  
A VIEW